

The College Cheer

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

VOL. XV.

St. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 17, 1923

No. 7

DUTCH HEMMELGARN CHIEF MAGISTRATE IN RALEIGH CIRCLES

GREATEST LANDSLIDE IN HISTORY OF THE CLUB SEES STANLEY POLK ELECTED TREASURER

Sunday, January 21, marked the opening of a new regime in circles of the Raleigh Smoking Club. All members, present to a man, had come to "put in their man," in the various offices. Ex-President Vincent J. Madison presided at the meeting, which, from the time that it was called to order till time for adjournment, was one long siege for the many candidates.

Clear-cut and like a thunder bolt from a clear sky came a voice from the oracle nominating Dutch Frank Bernard Hemmelgarn, for the presidency. So pronounced, so convincing, so prophetic and encouraging spoke this voice, that if there was any opposition in the minds of the various members it was blotted out, and Dutch was declared Chief Magistrate.

Not so definite was the voice when nominations for vice-president were in order. It proved a severe struggle between Edward Zahnle and Joe Sirovy. After balloting for no less than half an hour, the choice fell upon Ed. Zahnle, former editor of the Clipper.

As nothing but the best was desired for the office of secretary, once nominated, Abel Bastin was railroaded through without opposition.

The greatest landslide in the history of the club came when Stanley Polk defeated Sebastian Alig, his opponent for the office of treasurer, by the following vote:

Polk ----- Unanimous
Alig ----- 1 (By "Sheik")

The theory that Mr. Polk's platform alone caused this vast majority seems credible, namely: "to move the radio from the Junior billiard room, into the quarters of the Raleigh Club."

Francis L. Fate, without opposition, was elected marshal, succeeding Werner Rauh. This honor has been tendered Mr. Fate in recognition of his manifold benefits and advice rendered the club during the first session.

Immediately after the election the new officers were installed. Thus amid the shouting and cheering of the multitude, Dutch Frank Bernard Hemmelgarn donned the purple robe and golden diadem, the insignia of his office. As there was no further business before the house, President Hemmelgarn immediately asked for "nominations for adjournment." "Ha! Ha!"

ST. JOE TOO MUCH FOR DUNNINGTON FIVE

The sixth notch was carved in our belt of victories on January 22 when our record five sent the popular Freeland brothers back to Dunnington with the lesser end of a 32 to 8 score. The game was another example of that old St. Joe fight, and, though the visitors employed all possible means for victory, they were forced to bow before superior prowess at all angles.

While our men played a very speedy and consistent game throughout, Dunnington exhibited only occasional flashes of fleetness. The few moments in which they had the ball they showed snappy passing, at times too fast for their set, and much fumbling resulted. Seldom did they work the ball towards the basket, and, though many long shots were attempted, the score proved the futility of their efforts.

The Weier-Klen-Hoffman combination again set a dizzy pace, entirely too fast for the opponents. "Chuck" Wolfhurst, substituted for Weier, connected for four goals, aiding greatly in bringing the score at half to 21 to 3 count. Hipkind gave the crowd the neatest work at backguard seen thus far on our floor, several times taking the ball to our basket, besides holding the visitors to one field goal during his presence at backguard. Our old reliable floorguard Lauer played his usual brilliant game, sharing in the honors of defense with Hipkind.

Dunnington (8)	St. Joe (32)
Chase ----- F.	Wolfhurst
Fleming ----- F.	Weier
Murdock ----- F.	Klen
	F. ----- N. Liebert
J. Freeland --- C.	Hoffman
T. Freeland --- G.	Lauer
R. Freeland --- G.	Hipkind
	G. ----- T. Liebert

Field Goals—J. Freeland 2, Fleming, Hoffman 5, Weier 4, Wolfhurst 4, Klen, Hipkind. Foul Goals—Chase 2 of 5, Klen 2 of 4. Referee: Harrison.

LOYOLA U EVENS MATTERS

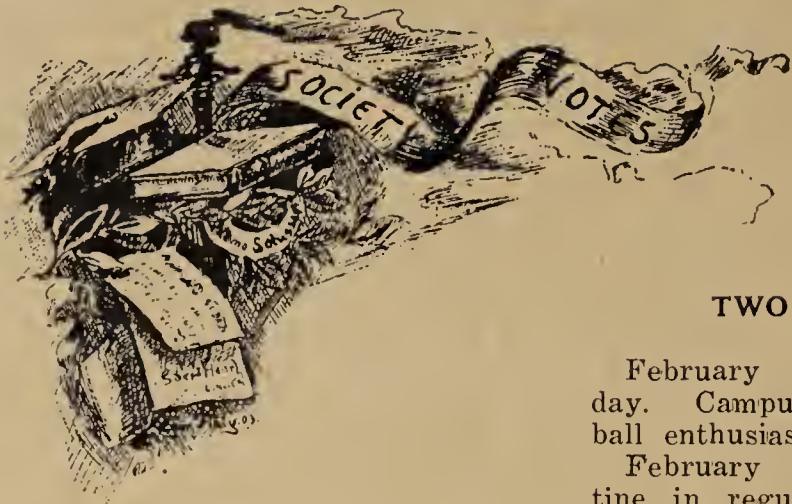
Greatly handicapped by the loss of our two leading point-getters, Weier and Hoffman, in the first minutes of play, our "Reps" were on February 3, 22 to 12. Within two minutes of play "Flossy" Weier was charged with three personals, and soon after Captain Hoffman was declared ineligible.

Our squad, however, did not show the classy brand of ball shown on previous occasions. Teamwork was lacking; they were apparently lost on the strange floor. Weier and Hoffman were not given time to unleash their powerful offensive, and Klen was kept well guarded throughout the game. Though Roach was there with all his old time speed he did not attempt many shots. Alternating between center and backguard, Ted Liebert did some nifty stepping plus clever passing.

Loyola's team showed great improvement since their 32 to 8 defeat here. They played an excellent guarding game, using their five-man defense to great advantage against our greatly feared offensive punch.

Loyola U (22)	St. Joe (12)
Connolly ----- F.	Weier
Morrissey ----- F.	Wolfhurst
McNally ----- F.	Klen
Kramps ----- C.	Hoffman
Dillon ----- G.	T. Liebert
McMahon ----- G.	Lauer
Schlacks ----- G.	Roach

Field Goals—Connolly 3, Dillon 3, McMahon, Morrissey, Hoffman 2, Lauer 2, T. Liebert. Foul Goals—Connolly 6 of 13; Hoffman 1 of 4.



Society is like a large piece of frozen water; and skating well is the great art of social life—L. E. Landon.

GEORGE SAUM HEADS CRUSADE

Other Officers Elected

Alumni Hall was once more the witness to a very spirited Crusade meeting, on Friday, February 2. The purpose of the meeting was the election of officers for the second session of the scholastic year. George Saum, secretary of this unit for the past session was elected president of the organization. The other officers are as follows: vice president, Arthur Froehle; secretary, Walter Pax; treasurer, Anthony Quinlisk; field secretary, Edward O'Connor, and committee-man, Carl Gehrlich.

If you would be convinced of the activities of St. Joseph's Mission Unit, read THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE "SHIELD."

ALTAR SOCIETY

At a recent meeting of the Altar Society the following officers were chosen for the ensuing session: President, Lawrence Rall; Vice President, Anthony Schilling; Secretary, Paul Rahe; Critic, Lawrence McGuire; Marshal, John Lieg.

NEW A. A. BOARD

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held Sunday, January 21, the following were elected as members of the A. A. board: Carl Willacher, James Lauer, Alphonse Hoffman, William Flynn, John Klenn and Ernest Hoyng.

Self-interest is the fundamental motive of all men's actions, and if unrestrained will infallibly lead men to act for the common good.
—E. J. Burke, S. J.

It is estimated that hand shaking from one election would pump two million gallons of water.

TWO YEARS AGO

February 13—Warm spring-like day. Campus crowded with baseball enthusiasts.

February 14—Regular old routine in regular old way. Rising, chapel, eating, classes, more eating, more classes, etc. Wonders may come and wonders may go, but in a boarding school the old routine goes on forever.

February 15—Thermometer registers 68 degrees!!

February 16—Dentals 33, St. Joe 18, at Indianapolis.

February 18—Father Rudolph, missionary from India here.

February 19—St. Cyril's 18, St. Joe 22, at Whiting.

February 21—C. L. S. presents "Honesty Wins," a comedy in four acts.

February 22—Prof. Elmer Marshall, Central University of Indiana, here. Read two scenes from "Julius Ceasar," and several shorter selections. Northwestern 52, St. Joe 21, at Chicago.

A YEAR AGO

February 11—Dentals 28, St. Joe 25, at St. Joe.

February 12—Raleigh Club con-

fers second degree upon class of candidates.

February 13—Both Fathers Bart and Rudolph away. Alack! Alas! A substitute was on hand!

February 14—Weidner Institute 15, St. Joe 20, at St. Joe. Father Richard Schwieterman shot with fatal results today.

February 21—C. L. S. presents "What They Did for Jinkins," a comedy in three acts.

February 22—Basketball season comes to a close this evening at Brook. Latter 33, St. Joe 23.

February 24—Trig test finds the illustrious Seniors of '23 "mighty innocent."

ALL-STARS DOWN RENSSELAER

The short end of a 20 to 14 score was the souvenir dealt out to the Rensselaer high school juniors by our All-Stars on Sunday, January 28. Though defeated, great credit is due the plucky crew from the city, who put up the stiffest kind of opposition during the entire game. With Hansom and Leopold staging clever work, they held our five to a 10 to 10 tie at half. But Fortune shuffled the cards in our support during the last period and the final whistle held the score to a 20 to 14 count.

The college All-Stars, led by the promising star Mahoney, with McGuire and Hoefer as valuable aids, set too fast a pace for the city lads. Mahoney hit the net for five of our ten field goals, a feat to be proud of. Come again, Rensselaer. We are waiting!

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AN ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Two summers ago while we were camping in the Rocky Mountains near the northern border of Colorado, it happened that our troop returned to camp one evening only to find to their utter dismay that they had left their compass alongside one of the mountain-defiles. For us to attempt a further expedition without this instrument would be undergoing a great risk of losing ourselves in the dangerous mountain-paths. Moreover, since we were determined to leave camp early the following morning, the captain of our party asked for a volunteer to make the trip on horseback to recover the missing instrument. I responded to his call and in a few moments was ready to start on my five-mile journey to the spot where I hoped to find the lost compass.

The sun was now hardly visible over the western rim of a rugged peak. Through the ragged edges of the summit great shafts of the dying sun shot their last rays into the valley below. It was a beautiful evening, typical of this scenic spot of northern Colorado.

I mounted the stirrups and my steed at once started on a fast trot towards the destined place. I was determined, if possible, to reach my objective before darkness had overshadowed the mountains. Luck, however, was against me. I had gone probably half the distance when the light of day had disappeared entirely. The inky darkness of night had surrounded me, and it was now that I first felt all sorts of threatening dangers.

My horse did not seem to heed my urging. The night, which at my departure had promised to be calm, had deceived me. A warm breeze began to blow and flashes of lightning could be seen penetrating the listless clouds in the distant west. The main tormentor however was my conscience, which continually repeated "Reverse thy steed and return to camp."

I stopped my horse and was about to start homeward when a thought struck me. "If I should return to camp without the compass, our journey the following morning would be much delayed." With renewed courage I again urged my horse forward with greater energy than before, and in short time I reached the place where we had left our compass.

Dismounting, I picked up the instrument and thrust it into my pocket. With no time to waste, I

leaped to the saddle and was no more than fairly seated when my steed gave several terrifying snorts, and started off at full speed for the camp. I was horrified. The manner of my horse revealed danger. I turned my head to the rear and a new agony met my gaze. A short distance behind me could be seen two fiery eyes, rapidly coming nearer and nearer. Onward I fondly urged my foaming steed. I reflected what the results would be should my horse make a misstep or a wrong turn. Perhaps we would plunge headlong several hundred feet downward over a precipice; perhaps we would lose our way and have to spend the night in the mountains.

When finally I came to my senses, I found that we had almost reached camp. A backward look and the approaching enemy could still be seen in the distance. After a few moments we were in the stable. With almost one motion I leaped from my horse and closed the door behind me. Then grabbing my gun, I partly opened the door and peered into the darkness. A little distance away, the same sparkling eyes could be seen. A loud roar, a plunge into the nearby thicket; then all was silent.

Thus ended the quest of our lost brought out the other members of the camp with weapons for defense. Cautiously we moved towards the object. To our utter surprise we saw lying dead at our feet the corpse of a huge mountain-jaguar.

Thus ended the quest of our lost compass and for me a perilous mountain-adventure that long will remain fresh in my memory.

—Ivo Gengler.

THRENODY

I took the dear exams, a task
Forsooth too great for me;
One thought did worry me through-
out—

The FIFTY I might see!

My quivering hand did write the
words,

My heart was so oppressed;
I used the choicest words I knew
To win a welcome rest.

If I had guessed, if I had dreamt
That I was due to fail,
I would have penned a good excuse,
And sent it home by mail.

—William Flynn, '23.

True friends, like rarest gems
Prove hard to tell.
Winter them, summer them;
Know your friends well.

APOTHEOSIS OF CHARLES FROMER FOR HIS IMMOR- TAL PARODY ON LUCY

O truly happy College
That harbors such a son
Who with superior knowledge
Has furnished all the fun!

'Twere utter desecration
To counter parody;
I failed in all creation
A bigger one to see.

—Werner Rauh, '24.

MY ALBUM

The pictures that are seen in here
Of persons young and old,
Are treasures far more dear to me
Than all their weight in gold.

I'll miss them as the years go by
And when I'm old and through,
I'll gently turn these pages o'er
Of friends I know are true.

—William Flynn, '23.

THE HIPPLE CONCERT COMPANY PRESENTS A FIRST CLASS PROGRAM

The First Number of The Redpath
Chautauqua Lecture Course.

Lauded to the skies, making a "big hit" everywhere, and slated as one of the first class entertainers performing under the supervision of the Redpath Chautauqua Company, the Hipple Concert Company, opened the seasons lecture course on Tuesday, January 23. Coming up to all expectations, they even excelled all that had previously been announced concerning them. To say which number was most pleasing would prove a difficult task. We are safe, however, in saying the "Hunting Scene" was one of the most realistic musical numbers ever rendered in Alumni Hall. We could not only HEAR the chase, but as it was presented we could follow the hunter with a certain care-free air. As never before we were delightfully entertained by an hour and a half's discourse spoken in the "universal language."

"You complain of our charge for shaving, sir" said the hairdresser, but you must think of the extra labor."

"What extra labor?" snapped the customer.

"Well, sir with the general trade depression and the universal tightness of money, gents' faces are longer than they were!"

The College Cheer

Published fourteen times during the scholastic year at Collegeville, Ind.

Rates: Per year-----\$1.00
Single copies-----.10

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Collegeville, Indiana

Collegeville, Ind., February 17, 1923

EDITORIALS

A NEW SESSION

Another session has opened and the semi-annual exams are over. To more than one student today the ever harassing thought of not having done his duty in every respect should prompt him to change his tactics in the second semester. The opportunities for an alert young man are unlimited in a place like St. Joe.

A willingness to work and do his duty with heart and soul in whatever he undertakes will bring success to almost every student. If that work be for his classes, the idea of preparedness should be one of importance to him. There is a pleasure in being able to answer when asked that only those know who have experienced it.

In dramatic work no better opportunities can be found than here. The C. L. S. founded for the express purpose of promoting and furthering the interests in the noble art of speaking and dramatic work is unparalleled in its achievements of the past. The commendable work done in the past session and the magnitude of the work anticipated omens a year of unprecedented success. It should be the desire of those who are fortunate enough to be members of this organization to lend every effort in continuing its glory and prestige. In treating of dramatic work we cannot fail to mention the Newman Literary Society whose activities this year are establishing a criterion of the wholeheartedness with which each member is lending his efforts to attain success.

The part that athletics plays in the life of a student cannot be measured by words. It would undoubtedly be difficult to find another group of students who are so active and ambitious in this field as at St. Joe. Support of the Varsity

should be our endeavor. The thought of a few individuals working day after day in practice to bring the honor of victory upon the school and student body should prompt us to be unswerving in our loyalty and support.

In a general way we all can improve and now is the time to do it. It is the man who always does what is right, fulfilling his duty to the letter, that will come out on top.

JAZZ AND CLASSICAL MUSIC

Every new movement in sculpture, painting, acting, literature, or music invites a storm of protest, ridicule and criticism from the conservatives. An art is great only to the degree in which it expresses the feelings, the impulses, the thoughts, and the racial characteristics of its contemporaries.

True, we speak of the popularity of operas today, but what is more popular than our light operas and extravaganzas and revues? There is no lack of appreciation and recognition for plays and dramas, punctuated, emphasized, and Americanized with jazz. Most people will tell you they like jazz because it makes them happy. But is that "good music?" Is music that can so express the youth, the joy, the hope of a people "bad music?"

Present day jazz is not music or real melody. It is merely rhythm and accent. Jazz appeals to only a limited number. Classical music has an unlimited appeal. It is for the universe. There is no beauty, poetry, education, enlightenment, inspiration, constructiveness, or musical permanency in jazz. How then can it be an art or a component part of art?

The aesthetic value of classical music, its significance as an interpretation of life, its refining touch upon the emotional nature and the means it offers for the culture of important elements of character are sufficient criteria for its admiration and attention.

Jazz has its appeal and rightly so, but classical music will ever remain one of the most valuable auxiliaries in the works of human civilization and refinement, preparing the heart for all else that is beautiful; opening up avenues of pleasure in other arts; inspiring a quicker sensibility to all the loveliness of nature and softening our feelings to one another.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND BAD COMPANY

In a sunny room the brilliant electric lamp is dim. But as twilight draws a dark curtain over the world, the lamp grows brighter and, when at last the sun has gone for

good, the electric lamp is brilliant.

You see at once that the surroundings have a great deal to do with this progressive brilliancy of the lamp. The darkness of the room became like a pond of ink and the lamp was a silver star shining in it. Yet the light was always the same. The lamp did not change. The same power that made it brilliant in the dark made it glow in the twilight, made it dim and anemic in the sunny room. The surroundings changed, not the lamp, not the light.

When you get into bad company you go into a darkened room. Grip the principles of Catholic morality; hold them high like a brilliant electric lamp, and the darker the room cast by evil companionship, the brighter will be the light of your principles. Oh, it is so true that this life's surroundings only help the shining light of Catholicity to glow brighter.

NEWMAN, THE PRIEST

"Newman, the priest," is the first of a series of articles that will appear in these columns, dealing with the life and works of John Henry Cardinal Newman. Today's article is by Rev. Fr. G. J. O'Bryan, Winchester, Ky.

Newman was a man of deep and is a name that awakens in the heart of one who is privileged to participate in the eternal priesthood of Christ, a wealth of sweet and inspiring recollections.

The following is a feeble appreciation of the distinguished gifts that made Cardinal Newman one of the most illustrious priests of modern times, to-wit: learning, sanctity, and zeal.

New man was a man of deep and varied learning, endowed with rare gifts of thought and feeling, which, through arduous unrelenting training, were brought to a degree of cultivation that was the final expression of a perfectly harmonized character.

The productions of his mind were distinguished by a sublimity of conception, a depth of penetration, a wealth of information, an elegance and ease of diction that made him a worthy successor of that incomparable genius of the Fifth Century, Augustine of Hippo, who, by theological acumen and scholarly attainments, added to the fair name of the Church in early times a lustre and a distinction that time has not dimmed or diminished.

His sanctity was manifested by a childlike yet trile piety. He had boundless trust in the hidden and loving dispensations of Divine Providence, and the trust was not mis-

(Continued on page 8.)

AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

What should a man do but bemerry?—Hamlet.

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'Quick' and the 'Dead,'" asked the Sunday school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie."

"Please mam the 'Quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones than don't don't are the 'Dead.'"

Little Flossie, six years old, said to her mother, "If I get married will I have a husband like pa?"

"Yes, replied her mother.

"If I don't get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Sue?"

"Yes."

"Gee, mamma, it is a hard world for us women, ain't it?"

Pat stood looking in a book store window. This sign caught his eye:

"Dickens Works, All this Week, Only \$8.00."

"The thunder he does!" said Pat, "the dirty scab!"

Wife: "Oh, doctor, John is wandering in his mind."

Doctor: "Never mind he won't go far."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hicks, "we had an awful burglar scare at the house last night. I heard a noise and got up and there I saw a man's legs sticking out from under the bed." "Mercy," exclaimed a woman, "the burglar's legs?" "No, my husband's legs, he heard the noise, too."

A Californian and a New Englander were boasting. "Why said the Californian, "we raise cabbages so big that an army of soldiers can camp under one." That's nothing," said the New Englander, "we make copper kettles in New England so big that a thousand men can be riveting one and yet be so far apart that they can't hear each other hammer." "Go on, said the Californian, "what would anyone use a kettle of that size for?" "Why to boil your California cabbages in," said the New Englander.

"I discharge this jury," said the judge, when the jury could not agree on a perfectly plain case. "You can't discharge me," said one of the jurymen. "Why?" said the judge. "Because" said the juror pointing to the lawyer for the defense, "I was hired by that man over there."

E. F. Duvall, D.D.S.

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Ain't We Got Fun ?

What should a man do but be merry? —Hamlet.

What is the very latest longest word?

The word the budding orator uses when he says, "just one word more."

What is the difference between a standpatter and a progressive?

A standpatter is a person who comes to a stop and can't be started, and a progressive is one who gets started and can't be stopped.

Why should a bachelor pay a heavy tax?

Because it is a great luxury to be a bachelor.

Explain why the silver dollar made in 1878 differs so from the other as to lettering, which is as follows: "420 grains, 900 fine. Trade dollar." ?

Trade dollars were issued under the acts of Congress of Feb. 12, 1873, and July 22, 1876, and were intended for countries doing business on a silver basis, especially the Orient. The issue was discontinued in 1878, as the foreigners did not seem to have confidence in these strange coins. Those of the first issue were legal tender up to \$5; those of the second issue had no legal tender power.

What is the amount of revenue lost in the course of a year on account of national prohibition?

In 1919 the internal revenue receipts from taxes on fermented liquors and distilled spirits amounted to \$483,050,854.

Is the earth going toward the other planets?

The path of the earth and the other planets around the sun are invariable with respect to each other, but the earth approaches and recedes from other planets, depending upon the position occupied in its path, or ecliptic. There is an invariable minimum and a maximum distance between the earth and each of the other planets.

Why is a snake considered a better "math shark," than a rabbit?

Rabbits multiply, but it takes a snake to be an adder.

Give an example showing the inconsistency of women.

Some women will pay \$25 for a hat and refuse to pay 25c for a dozen of eggs.

What are the first two things a railroad company does in building a new line, the first being done with great, and the second without any ceremony?

The first thing they do is to "break ground." This is done with great ceremony. Then they break the stock-holders. This is done without ceremony.

Why is a cat more vulnerable than a frog?

Because a cat has but nine lives, but a frog croaks every day.

Lo—I didn't understand that aeroplane joke. It went over my head.

Quacious—Well let me tell you this one about the needle, and perhaps you will see the point.

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GYM JUNK

That oldtime pep and enthusiasm is certainly blossoming forth in basket-ball as the various leagues are beginning on the last lap of their schedule. With the flashy trio Byrne-Hoban-Franzwa, the Fourths have sprung a great surprise in the Senior Division, and their 1,000 per cent is still gracing the top. The Junior league also boasts of a perfect-record team, the Sinkers, led by Dirrig and Klocker; they surely can sink 'em.

Under the supreme captaincy of one Jimmy H. A. Gallagher, the Cool Heads are upsetting all the dope in the Academic League. And our Midgets are staging bitterly contested battles, with the Independents playing the classiest brand of ball. The standing, corrected to February 11, follows:

Senior League

	W.	L.
Fourths -----	4	0
Seniors -----	2	2
Thirds -----	1	2
Seconds -----	1	2
Commercials -----	0	2

Academic League

	W.	L.
Cool Heads -----	3	0
Celts -----	2	0
Sure Shots -----	1	1
Bear Skins -----	0	1
Loving Sams -----	0	2
Shiners -----	0	2

Junior League

	W.	L.
Sinkers -----	4	0
S. K.'s -----	2	1
Lucky Five -----	1	1
Moonshiners -----	1	2
White Sox -----	1	2
Nonpareils -----	0	3

Midget League

	W.	L.
Independents -----	3	0
Shamrocks -----	2	2
Red Wings -----	1	2
Little Five -----	1	3

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

"Bismark" singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

Bastin plugging during free time. Uhrich with a beard.

Joe Sirovy as a toe dancer.

Fate with l-l-l-l.

Saum using a Pony.

Roach being booked for getting up late.

Mueller "skibing" in examinations.

Yusas selling pictures below cost.

Tommy Daley with a grouch.

Rauh without snuff.

McVay not asking for "butts."

Bill Flynn smiling.

Froehle not looking for something to eat.

Alig "catching the idea."

Rohling flunking.

Bill Minneman in a fist fight.

The prefect forgetting to ring the bell in the morning.

An entire day passing without hearing "on'ya."

General permission to go to town on Saturday night.

Anything as wholesome as "our coffee."

Everyone awake during Pol Econ. class.

A hundred per cent Cheer subscription list.

Hemmelgarn a cute baby.

McDonough not trying to catch flies.

Dr. J. T. Brown

DENTIST

With Dr. J. W. Horton

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Daily Papers, Magazines, Cigars, and Tobacco. Bunte and Whitman Candies.

Y. M. P. C. FIVE AGAIN

WRECK OUR HOPES

Beaten again by the Y. M. P. C.'s but by no means ashamed of their exhibition, our quintet returned from Lafayette on January 25 with the consolation of having given their conquerors the fastest and hardest fought game played on the Y. M. P. C. floor in several years. Stacking up against a superior team on their own floor, that "never-say-die" spirit took hold of our lads, and they forced their opponents to fight every minute of play for their 38 to 26 victory. We held an early lead, but the Jamison-Golden pair soon began their work, and the half found the score in Lafayette's favor, 20 to 16.

That old eagle eye for the basket did not desert Captain Hoffman on a foreign floor for he dropped in six field goals. Weier also caused our opponents much trouble at forward, while Hipkind held down the back-guard position in very creditable style. St. Joe hit the ring from all angles, eliciting much favorable comment from the capacity crowd.

Y. M. P. C. (38) St. Joe (26)

Cain F. Weier
Jamison F. Klen

F. Wolfhurst
Kaiser C. Hoffman
Golden C. T. Liebert
Dienhart G. Lauer
Buit G. Hipkind
Reiss G.

Field Goals—Jamison 6, Golden 5, Cain 4, Dienhart 2; Hoffman 5, Weier 4, Klen, Wolfhurst. Foul Goals—Cain, 4 of 8; Hoffman, 4 of 8. Referee—Branham, Lafayette.

NEWMAN, THE PRIEST

(Continued from page 4.)

placed, for He who had called him in his early days, Ad Altare Dei, strengthened and sweetened his declining years with peace and honor, for the sun of his life sank slowly and peacefully with mellowed splendor into the sepulcher of eternal night. Well could he say, "In Loco Pascuae, Me Collocavit."

He was a man of exquisite tact and gentleness, two indispensable resources of priestly service, the absence of which may neutralize the influence of even heroic virtue and hopelessly alienate souls that should be attracted to the foot of the Cross by those two golden cords.

He had an abiding love of prayer, for the temper of his mind was fundamentally religious, possessing,

like all great servants of God, the gift of prayer in an uncommon degree, and by the faithful and earnest exercise of this gift, he acquired a very delicate perception and appreciation of spiritual truth and beauty.

The supernatural was to him not a mere phantom, but a fact. The presence of God, the life of grace, and the ineffable beauties of Mass, were near, real, the pearl of great price. He also possessed the Sensus Christi, that invaluable gift which supernaturalizes thought, instincts, and energies of the soul, "bringing them into the sweet captivity of Christ."

He was a man of enlightened, ardent zeal. Once he had clearly formulated a plan in his mind he conceived would promote the Glory of God or the salvation of his neighbor, he brought to bear upon its execution the full tide of his intrepid and tireless energy, which subsided only when the end was accomplished. With his strength of intellect, exalted virtue, and priestly zeal, he could say with St. Paul, "Willingly will I spend and be spent for the sake of your souls."

A big island in the Pacific is missing. The theory that some one took it home for a farm is considered foolish.

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